

# MEAT AND VEGETABLE SALAD

"Left-Overs" May Be Used to Advantage in This Appetizing and Seasonable Dish.

Free the meat from skin and bone, and cut into small dice. For each pint make a French dressing with four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of salt and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of plain or tarragon vinegar, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, and with it thoroughly marinate the meat. Set aside in a cold place for an hour or more, that it may be thoroughly impregnated with dressing, drain and marinate separately with French dressing. Arrange a bed of lettuce or other green salad on a platter, pour on it the meat and garnish it with vegetables. A few nasturtium leaves will add piquancy to the salad, or a little watercress may be used with the lettuce, the combination depending largely upon the meat on hand and in the way in which it was cooked. Boiled meat usually needs more in the way of seasoning than roast meat; a few drops of onion juice or a teaspoonful of finely chopped chives is frequently a decided addition.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A delicious sandwich is made of cream cheese and dates.  
Castor oil rubbed thoroughly into boots and shoes will make them soft.  
When curtains are hung up to dry they should be hung double over the line.  
Cold slaw served in green pepper shells is a dainty bit for luncheon.  
The old-fashioned Shetland shawl should be washed in bran and warm water—no soap!  
When making sandwiches, it is best to butter the end of the loaf before cutting off the slice.  
If a piece of sugar is put into the water that flowers stand in, they will keep fresh quite a long time.  
Wet shoes should be stuffed with paper before they are put away; they will dry more quickly and not be so hard.  
Finger marks on the doors will clean off easily if the cloth is first dipped in kerosene; then wash in the usual way.  
In preparing eggplant, press it under water instead of just salting it. This prevents the vegetable from turning black.  
Wall paper can be cleaned by making a paste of whitening. Lay it thick on the marks, allow it to dry, then brush off.

**Boiled Onions in White Sauce.**  
Peel the onions and cut off the roots, dropping into cold water as fast as they are peeled. Drain from the cold water and put in a steupan with boiling water to cover generously. Add a teaspoonful of salt for each quart of water. Boil rapidly for ten minutes, with the cover partially off the saucepan. Drain off the water and cover the onions with hot sweet milk (a quart of onions will require a pint of milk). Simmer for half an hour. Add one teaspoonful of white pepper. Gradually beat in about half a cupful of milk in which the onions are cooking. When smooth stir the mixture into the onions and milk. Let the dish cook ten minutes longer and serve.

**Poor Man's Pudding.**  
Butter a pudding dish. Over the bottom of dish scatter one-half cup well washed raw rice, one-half cup sugar, a pinch of salt, a sprinkle of nutmeg. Then pour in one quart of milk. Bake in a medium oven an hour and a half. Do not stir at all, neither before nor after it goes into the oven. The time of baking may vary, but bake until the rice shows above the milk and it is done. Every grain is separate. The milk is like heavy cream and it is delicious, hot or cold. If the oven is too hot the milk evaporates and the pudding is too stiff.

**Victoria Fans.**  
Mix two cups of flour and one-half cup brown sugar, then sift. Wash three-quarters cup butter and work into the mixture, using the hands. Toss on a floured board and roll to one-third inch in thickness. Shape with a large, round, fluted cutter, first dipped in flour. Cut each round in quarters and crease to represent an open fan. Brush over with yolk of egg slightly beaten and diluted with milk. Bake in a moderate oven until delicately browned.

**To Remove Grease.**  
Pour cold water, with a little lemon juice, on the grease marks immediately after spilling the grease. This, you will find, hardens it quickly and you can remove it with the aid of a knife, without leaving a mark.

**Potato Soup.**  
Four large potatoes, one onion. Boil in two quarts of water until soft. Press through a sieve, and add one pint of sweet milk, one tablespoon butter, a little salt and pepper. Let it boil up again and serve.

**Good Starch.**  
Put into the starch you use a little soda to keep it sweet, and a teaspoonful of glycerine, which imparts a dainty gloss to collars and cuffs. Clothes starched with this mixture may stand for 36 hours without the least danger of mildew.

**For Damp Cupboards.**  
When troubled with the cupboard being damp it is very good to put a quantity of quicklime in it, for a few days, as it absorbs the moisture entirely.

# FRAN

BY  
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SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Supplura Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Fran regarded him with somber intensity. "I've asked for a home with you on the grounds that your wife was my best friend in all the world, and because I am homeless. You refuse. I suppose that's natural. I have to guess at your feelings because I haven't been raised among respectable people. I'm sorry you don't like it, but you're going to provide for me right here. For a girl, I'm pretty independent; folks that don't like me are welcome to all the enjoyment they get out of their dislike. I'm here to stay. Suppose you look on me as a sort of summer crop. I enjoyed hearing you sing tonight—"

"We reap what we sow. We reap what we sow."

I see you remember—"He shuddered at her mocking holy things. "Hush! What are you saying? The past is cut off from my life. I have been pardoned, and I will not have anybody forcing that past upon me."

Her words came fittingly: "You can't help it. You sowed. You can't pardon a seed from growing." "I can help it, and I will. The past is no more mine than hers—our marriage was legal, but it bound me no more than it bound her. She chose her own companions. I have been building up a respectable life, here in Littleburg. You shall not overturn the labor of the last ten years. You can go. My will is unalterable. Go—and do what you can!"

Instead of anger, Fran showed sorrow. "How long have you been married to the second Mrs. Gregory—the present one?"

He turned his back upon her as if to go to the door, but he wheeled about. "Ten years. You understand? Ten years of the best work of my life that you want to destroy." "Poor lady," murmured Fran. "The first Mrs. Gregory—my friend—has been dead only three years. You and she were never divorced. The lady that you call Mrs. Gregory now—she isn't your wife, is she?" "I thought—" he was suddenly ashen pale—"but I thought that she— I believed her dead long ago—I was sure of it—positive. What you say is impossible."

"But no one can sow without reap-



"I Am Mrs. Gregory."

ing," Fran said, still pityingly. "When you sang those words, it was only a song to you, but music is just a bit of life's embroidery, while you think it life itself. You don't sow, or reap in a choir loft. You can't sow deeds and reap words."

"I understand you, now," he faltered. "You have come to disgrace me. What good will that do you, or—or my first wife? You are no abstraction, to represent sowing and reaping, but a flesh-and-blood girl who can go away if she chooses—" "She chooses to stay," Fran assured him.

"Then you have resolved to ruin me and break my wife's heart!"



"No, I'm just here to have a home." "Don't they say that the Kingdom of God may be taken by force? But you know more about the Kingdom than I. Let them believe me the daughter of some old boyhood friend—that'll make it easy. As the daughter of that friend, you'll give me a home. I'll keep out of your way, and be pleasant—a nice little girl, of any age you please." She smiled remotely. He spoke dully: "But they'll want to know all about that old college friend."

"Will you enjoy a home that you seize by force?"

"Naturally. Well, just invent some story—I'll stand by you."

"You don't know me," he returned, drawing himself up. "What! do you imagine I would lie to them?"

"I think," Fran remarked impersonally, "that to a person in your position—a person beginning to reap what he has sown, lying is always the next course. But you must act as your conscience dictates. You may be sure that if you decide to tell the truth, I'll certainly stand by you in that."

Helplessly driven to bay, he flashed out violently. "Unnatural girl—or woman—or whatever you are—there is no spirit of girlhood or womanhood in you."

Fran returned in a low, concentrated voice, "If I'm unnatural, what were you in the Springfield days? Was it natural for you to be married secretly when the marriage might have been public? When you went away to break the news to your father, wasn't it rather unnatural for you to hide three years before coming back? When you came back and heard that your wife had gone away to be supported by people who were not respectable, was it natural for you to be satisfied with the first rumors you heard, and disappear for good and all? As for me, yes, I have neither the spirit of girlhood nor womanhood, for I'm neither a girl, nor a woman, I'm nothing." Her voice trembled. "Don't rouse my anger—when I lose grip on myself, I'm pretty hard to stop. If I let everything rush on my mind—how she—my 'friend'—my sweet darling 'friend'—how she searched for you all the years till she died—and how even on her deathbed she thought maybe you'd come—you—"

Fran choked back the words. "Don't!" she gasped. "Don't reproach me, or I'll reproach you, and I mustn't do that. I want to hide my real heart from you—from all the world. I want to smile, and be like respectable people."

"For God's sake," whispered the other frantically, "hush! I hear my wife coming. Yes, yes, I'll do everything you say, but, oh, don't ruin me. You shall have a home with us, you shall have everything, everything."

"Except a welcome," Fran faltered, frightened at the emotion she had betrayed. "Can you show me to a room—quick—before your wife comes? I don't want to meet her, now, I'm terribly tired. I've come all the way from New York to find you; I reached Littleburg only at dusk—and I've been pretty busy ever since!"

"Come, then," he said hastily. "This way—I'll show you a room. . . . It's too late," he broke off, striving desperately to regain composure.

The door opened, and a woman entered the room hastily.

## CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Gregory. The wind had suddenly increased in violence, and a few raindrops had already fallen. Apprehensions of a storm caused hurried movements throughout the house. Blinding flashes of lightning suggested a gathering of the family in the reception hall, where, according to tradition, there was "less danger;" and as the unknown lady opened the door of the front room, Fran heard footsteps upon the stairs, and caught a glimpse of Grace Noir descending.

The lady closed the door behind her before she perceived Fran, so intent was she upon securing from threatening rain some unfinished silk-work lying on the window-sill. She paused abruptly, her honest brown eyes opened wide.

The perspiration shone on Hamilton Gregory's forehead. "Just a moment," he uttered incoherently—"wait—I'll be back when I make sure my library window's closed. . . . He left the room, his brain in an agony of indecision. How much must be told? And how would they regard him after the telling?"

"Who are you?" asked the lady of thirty-five, mildly, but with gathering wonder.

The answer came, with a broken laugh, "I am Fran." It was spoken a little defiantly, a little menacingly, as

if the tired spirit was bracing itself for battle.

The lady wore her wavy hair parted in the middle after that fashion which perhaps was never new; and no impudent ribbon or arrogant dounce stole one's attention from the mouth that was just sincere and sweet. It was a face one wanted to look at because—well, Fran didn't know why. "She's no prettier than I," was Fran's decision, measuring from the natural standard—the standard every woman hides in her own breast.

"And who is Fran?" asked the mild voice. The lady smiled so tenderly, it was like a mellow light stealing from a fairy rose-garden of thornless souls.

Fran caught her breath while her face showed hardness—but not against the other. She felt something like holy wrath as her presentment sounded forth protestingly—"But who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Gregory."

"Oh, no," cried Fran, with violence.



Fran Suggested Honor.

"No!" She added rather wildly, "It can't be—I mean—but say you are not Mrs. Gregory."

"I am Mrs. Gregory," the other repeated, mystified.

Fran tried to hide her emotion with a smile, but it would have been easier for her to cry, just because she of the patient brown eyes was Mrs. Gregory.

At that moment Hamilton Gregory re-entered the room, brought back by the fear that Fran might tell all during his absence. How different life would have been if he could have found her flown—but he read in her face no promise of departure.

His wife was not surprised at his haggard face, for he was always working too hard, worrying over his extensive charities, planning editorials for his philanthropic journal, devising means to better the condition of the local church. But the presence of this stranger—doubtless one of his countless objects of charity—demanded explanation.

"Come," he said brusquely, addressing neither directly, "we needn't stop here. I have some explanations to make, and they might as well be made before everybody, once and for all. . . . He paused wretchedly, seeing no outlook, no possible escape. Something must be told—not a lie, but possibly not all the truth; that would rest with Fran. He was as much in her power as if she, herself, had been the effect of his sin.

He opened the door, and walked with a heavy step into the hall. Mrs. Gregory followed, wondering, looking rather at Fran than at her husband. Fran's keen eyes searched the apartment for the actual source of Hamilton Gregory's acute regrets.

Yes, there stood the secretary.

## CHAPTER VII.

A Family Conference. Of the group, it was the secretary who first claimed Fran's attention. In a way, Grace Noir dominated the place. Perhaps it was because of her splendidly developed body, her beauty, her attitude of unclaimed yet unrecognized authority, that she stood distinctly first.

As for Mrs. Gregory, her mild aloofness suggested that she hardly belonged to the family. Hamilton Gregory found himself instinctively turning to Grace, rather than to his wife. Mrs. Gregory's face did, indeed, ask why Fran was there; but Grace, standing at the foot of the stairs, and looking at Gregory with memory of her recent dismissal, demanded explanations.

Mrs. Gregory's mother, confined by paralysis to a wheel-chair, fastened upon the new-comer eyes whose brightness seventy years or more had not dimmed. The group was completed by Mrs. Gregory's bachelor brother, older than his sister by fifteen years.

This brother, Simon Jefferson, though stockily built and evidently well-fed, wore an air of lassitude, as if perennially tired. As he leaned back in a hall chair, he seemed the only one present who did not care why Fran was there.

Gregory broke the silence by clearing his throat with evident embarrassment. A peal of thunder offered him reprieve, and after its reverberations had died away, he still hesitated. "This," he said presently, "is a—the orphan—an orphan—one who has come to me from— She says her name is Frances."

"Fran," came the abrupt correction; "just Fran."

There was a general feeling that an orphan should speak less positively, even about her own name—should be, as it were, subdued from the mere fact of orphanhood.

"An orphan!" Simon Jefferson ejaculated, moving restlessly in his effort to find the easiest corner of his chair. "I hope nothing is going to excite me. I have heart-disease, little girl, and I'm liable to topple off at any moment. I tell you, I must not be excited."

"I don't think," replied Fran, with cheerful interest in his malady, "that orphans are very exciting."

Hamilton Gregory resumed, cautiously stepping over dangerous ground, while the others looked at Fran, and Grace never ceased to look at him. "She came here tonight, after the services at the Big Tent. She came here and, or I should say, to request, to ask—Miss Grace saw her when she came. Miss Grace knew of her being here." He seized upon this fact as if to lift himself over pitfalls.

Grace's eyes were gravely judicial. She would not condemn him unheard, but at the same time she let him see that her knowledge of Fran would not help his case. It did not surprise Mrs. Gregory that Grace had known of the strange presence, the secretary knew of events before the rest of the family.

Gregory continued, delicately picking his way. "But the child asked to see me alone, because she had a special message—a—yes, a message to deliver to me. So I asked Miss Grace to leave us for half an hour. Then I heard the girl's story, while Miss Grace waited upstairs."

"Well," Simon Jefferson interposed irritably, "Miss Grace is accounted for. Go on, brother-in-law, go on, if we must have it."

"The fact is, Lucy—" Gregory at this point turned to his wife—for at certain odd moments he found relief in doing so—"the fact is—the fact is, this girl is the—daughter of—of a very old friend of mine—a friend who was—a friend years ago, long before I moved to Littleburg, long before I saw you, Lucy. That was when my home was in New York. I have told you all about that time of my youth, when I lived with my father in New York. Well, before my father died, I was acquainted with—this friend. I owed that person a great debt, not of money—a debt of—what shall I say?"

Fran suggested, "Honor."

Gregory mopped his brow while all looked from Fran to him. He resumed desperately: "I owed a great debt to that friend—oh, not of money, of course—a debt which circumstances



## COUGH DUE TO NERVOUSNESS

Not Dangerous, but Hard to Distinguish From That Where Bronchial Tubes Are Affected.

It frequently happens that persons hitherto in good health are suddenly seized with fits of coughing, which they have considerable difficulty in overcoming. Due to a general neurasthenic or hysterical nervous condition, this cough, owing to its particular characteristics, is termed "the nervous cough."

The nervous cough often cannot be distinguished in any way from the cough due to an affection of the respiratory passages. It sometimes occurs in the form of periodical, prolonged and very painful fits of coughing and sometimes as a continual short, dry cough. Its most characteristic symptom is that it ceases during sleep and begins again on waking. The patients, while often a source of anxiety to those around them, are generally otherwise in very good health.

Another peculiarity of this cough is the absence of any secretion, for even after very prolonged fits of coughing there is rarely anything noticeable except a little saliva. Patients may sometimes succeed in checking the

prevented me from paying—from meeting—which I still owe to the memory of that—of that dead friend. The friend is dead, you understand, yes, dead."

Mrs. Gregory could not understand her husband's unaccustomed hesitancy. She inquired of Fran, "And is your mother dead, too, little girl?"

That simple question, innocently preferred, directed the course of future events. Mr. Gregory had not intentionally spoken of his friend in such a way as to throw doubt upon the sex. Now that he realized how his wife's misunderstanding might save him, he had not the courage to undeceive her.

Fran waited for him to speak. The delay had lost him the power to reveal the truth. Would Fran betray him? He wished that the thunder might drown out the sound of her words, but the storm seemed holding its breath to listen.

Fran said quietly, "My mother died three years ago."

Mrs. Gregory asked her husband, "Did you ever tell me about this friend? I'd remember from his name; what was it?"

It seemed impossible for him to utter the name which had sounded from his lips so often in love. He opened his lips, but he could not say "Josephine." Besides, the last name would do. "Derry," he gasped.

"Come here, Fran Derry," said Mrs. Gregory, reaching out her hand, with that sweet smile that somehow made Fran feel the dew of tears.

Hamilton Gregory plucked up spirits. "I couldn't turn away the daughter of my old friend. You wouldn't want me to do that. None of you would. Now that I've explained everything, I hope there'll be no objection to her staying here in the house—that is, if she wants to stay. She has come to do it, she says—all the way from New York."

Mrs. Gregory slipped her arm about the independent shoulders, and drew the girl down beside her upon a divan. "Do you know," she said gently, "you are the very first of all his New York friends who has come into my life? Indeed, I am willing, and indeed you shall stay with us, just as long as you will."

Fran asked impulsively, as she clasped her hands, "Do you think you could like me? Could—you?" "Dear child"—the answer was accompanied by a gentle pressure, "you are the daughter of my husband's friend. That's enough for me. You need a home, and you shall have one with us. I like you already, dear."

Tears dimmed Fran's eyes. "And I just love you," she cried. "My! What a woman you are!"

Grace Noir was silent. She liked Fran less than ever, but her look was that of a hired secretary, saying, "With all this, I have nothing to do." Doubtless, when alone with Hamilton Gregory, she would express her sincere conviction that the girl's presence would interfere with his work—but these others would not understand.

Fran's unconventionality had given to Mrs. Gregory's laugh a girlish note, but almost at once her face resumed its wonted gravity. Perhaps the slight hollows in the cheeks had been pressed by the fingers of care, but it was rather lack of light than presence of shadow, that told Fran something was missing from the woman-heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)